

Hopkinsville Kentuckian.

VOLUME XV.—NUMBER 49.

HOPKINSVILLE, KENTUCKY, TUESDAY, JUNE 20, 1893.

TWICE A WEEK AT \$2 A YEAR.



TUESDAY
JUNE 20

TO-DAY the great annual convention of Christian Workers meets at Northfield, Mass.

This is the home of the famous evangelist Dwight L. Moody the originator of what is now known as the "Northfield idea." To-day's meeting attracts a larger attendance than ever before, and Northfield will also be filled with delegates to the World's Student Congress and the International Congress of Young Women.

Our store will also be filled next Friday at our

Great Bargain Sale

for it's an opportunity for Real, Genuine, Desirable Bargains.

BE ON HAND EARLY.

Bassett & Co.
WRECKERS OF HIGH PRICES

Some Rattling Bargains FOR FRIDAY NEXT.

19c for Men's fine Silk Neckwear actually worth 50c
10c a yard for Beautiful Zephyr Gingham down from 15c.

Remnants Gingham, Calicoes, Tickings, Bleached and Brown Domestic, etc., at wonderful concessions.

10c a pair Men's Splendid Suspenders, strong web, nickel Buckle, full length worth 25c.
15c Beautiful India Dignity worth 25c.

10c a yard for fine Crepon, Persian Mull, French Lawns, Bedford Cords, etc., all handsome Summer fabrics down from 15c.

10c for Pure Silk Windsor Ties.
15c a yard, handsome all linen Stair Crash worth 25c.

12c for exquisite Canton Cloth, never fading.
48c for beautiful Dodo opaque Window Shades, 7 and 8 feet long, worth 90c.

87c for 26-inch Gloria Umbrellas, handsome natural handles, fast black.

Bassett & Co.
WRECKERS OF HIGH PRICES

THE FLOWERS WITH FACES.

What are your thoughts as you blossom, sweet flowers, And wait in the sunshine through bright summer days? Smiling and growing through many long hours, Uplifting your faces to greet the sun's rays.

What do I see in your sweet little faces? Dainty they are in their little manifold. Lessons for all in the world's busy places, Colors blue, white, rose, purple and gold.

Smiling though dress be the weather and cheerless. Lifting your heads to the rain's cooling shower. Gem of the flower creation—thou'rt peerless! Surely has Flora blessed thee with a dower.

Thy resting-place lowly, still upward thou'rt gazing. Thy magnet the sun, and thy beam fresh'ning showers. Fair example of purity! All should be praising. This loveliest one of the summer's fair flowers.

Give me pastels all shades, from the white to the golden. The purple and blue and each hue that they wear. For so others I care. Oh! their dainty sweet faces. In life and in death my affections shall share.

—Ada Maria Potts, in Ladies' Home Journal.

HIS ROMANCE.

It is That of an Old Head But a Young Heart.

This is the romance of a middle-aged man—the romance of an old head and a young heart.

I am gray-haired and forty, and yet as I sit at my desk in the gloomy little office of Harman's mill, a face comes between my eyes and the columns of figures in the dusty ledgers—a young face with clear, bright eyes and I fall into a day-dream and forget that I am an old man and commonplace.

She is the only child of Jere Harman, the millionaire mill-owner, and as gentle and good as she is beautiful. I have watched her grow into womanhood. I have watched her character deepening and widening and developing toward the ideal of my dreams.

And all these years I have been learning to love her.

Savory love is not wholly wasted though it is hopeless. I am a better man than I have loved Nellie Harman.

No. I build no castles in the air. I am forty and she is eighteen.

I am only her father's bookkeeper and she is the heiress of millions.

There was a time when little Nellie Harman rode on my shoulder, hunted my pockets for goodies, and escaped her nurse's charge several times a day to toddle down to the mill in search of "her Jack Spencer."

Daily she brought her school tasks, the incorrigible Latin verbs and the uncomprehending examples in fractions, to the same old friend, who was never too busy to be bothered by little Nellie Harman.

She is as unaffected and cordial in her friendliness as ever, and sometimes when she lays her hand on my arm and looks up into my face and asks why I come so seldom to the mill, and have I grown tired of old friends, or—

then I find it hard to answer. I love her, my little girl, and I go away with a heartache.

The girl does not lack for friends. Grim, stern old Jere Harman's little bright-faced child, her motherless sister, bathed, long ago found a tender spot in the hearts of the village folk.

In the cottages her face is as welcome as sunshine. The children hang on her gown, the women sing her praises, and the roughest mill hand has always a civil word for her, and a lift of the cap as she passes.

She has her young friends, too, among the country gentlemen. Young Harry Desmond is often at the mill. It is rumored that he is the fortunate suitor of Jere Harman's heiress. He is a fresh-faced, good-hearted lad. Love is for youth, and they are young together.

Gray-haired Jack Spencer, what have you to do with "love's dream?"

The strike! The mill is shut down and the strikers gather in knots along the village street and discuss the situation. The eunuchs have caused the trouble. Jere Harman is a hard man and a hard master. He holds the fate of these people in his hand. A few cents less, a few dollars more to him. This seemed to him to settle the question. The times were dull—he would reduce wages. The Harman mill operatives went out in a body.

The first day of the strike Big John, the weaver, who headed the strikers, came to Jere Harman with a delegation to arbitrate the matter.

To them Harman said: "Return to work at my terms or stay out and starve. Monday I hire new hands if you are not back in your places. As long as I own this mill I shall be master here."

This was his final answer, and no words of mine, no warnings of the murmurs and threats that grow and deepen among the men, will shake his will.

There is talk of firing the mill among the mad-brained ones, but Big John shakes his head.

"The strike is over, and I sit alone in the office in the gray dawn, sick and weary with the horrors of the night's experience. I shut my eyes and the picture stands out before me—the dark night, the mill with its lights glowing out through the windows, the silvery cry of young people in the drawing room; the gleam of the torches outside, the mob of desperate men, the angry, upturned faces. There was a tramp of feet, horse shoes, and a storm crashed through a window and shattered the chandelier.

The music stopped with a discordant crash. There was instant confusion, and above it all there were the hoarse cries for Jere Harman.

Springing through the piazza window and faced the men. They knew me well, and Big John shouted:

"We've caught against you, John Spencer. We mean no harm to any, but the master must hear us. Bring out the master!"

"Come, like honest men, in daylight, and talk it over calmly," I urged, not at night, like a mob of ruffians with stones for arguments.

Jere Harman had come out to them. They greeted him with an angry shout:

"We are to be put off no longer. Is it our rights by fair means or by foul, Jere Harman?"

"Your rights—," began Jere Harman in his harsh stern voice. I saw that Nellie Harman had slipped out to her father's side and laid her hand pleadingly on his shoulder. She did not fear the angry men, for willingly not one of them would have harmed a hair of her dainty head. I saw that she would have pleaded with her father to be gentle with them.

"Yes, our rights," yelled a voice in the crowd, with an awful oath. He was drunken or blind with rage—surely he did not see the girl at her father's side. A stone whizzed through the air. It might have been Jere Harman's death-blow; instead, it struck her. It cut a great, cruel gash just above the temple.

They sprang toward her—her friends, her lover—but Nellie Harman put her two hands out with a sharp gasping cry.

"Jack, Jack!" she said, and I caught her in my arms.

Highest of all in Leavening Power.—Latest U. S. Gov't Report.

Royal Baking Powder ABSOLUTELY PURE

MANTLES AND CAPES.

More Beauty Than Utility in Most of the Summer Wraps.

The summer mantle is more a garment of beauty than utility, says Vogue. This season it is eminently picturesque and free-flowing.

The costliest examples of modish wraps are those of black lace and jet combined with yokes, sleeves or shoulder frills merely of emerald velvet.

Some magnificent models have been imported for the fastidious New York belle.

Among those observed is an Empire three-quarter coat. There is an underbody of black silk that fits the figure closely.

This, however, is completely veiled by rich, accordion-plated, Machine-made black lace, confined to the waist at the sides by a violet velvet ribbon which admits of its falling with the vesture effect back and front.

A jacket of the lace encircles the throat, and is arranged at left and right over the bust, from which depend long, glittering strands of jet.

The sleeves are prodigious puffs of white, lace-trimmed, and reach the elbow, and are there confined by a jetted band, from which frills of lace hang over the wrist.

Another wrap, also Empire in style, has yokes and sleeves of emerald velvet. The girdle lace, falling nearly to the knees, is set on the yoke with deep vandykes of jet, that form the high collar as well as the cuffs.

Some of the velvet and lace capes are rich and elaborate to the point of defying description. One of pale petunia, shot with gold, has the velvet frilled like enormous opera robes, and an undercape of guipure, with lace hanging to the elbows.

The jet passementerie is as heavy and brilliant as jewels, and not only defines the line between collar and cape, but crystallizes the epaulettes and edges the long narrow labels of velvet and lace that depend to the knees.

An extremely smart Empire mantle, that is a frock in itself, has yokes and sleeves of golden brown satin. The yoke is encrusted with jet and has a brown satin ribbon drawn from under the arms and tied in front to flow down over the skirt of accordion-plated black lace.

It is seldom that the sleeves of this spring's wraps extend below the elbow. They are very large, and usually have deep lace frills set on to shade the wrists.

Velvet cloth is employed in making up many of the new wraps, and these arranged in a double shawl point, with embroidered edges, are unquestionably popular.

With across the shoulders is an effect much sought after, and most of these small mantles are in some way confined at the waist-line.

Some extremely becoming designs have no more than double frills of dahlia velvet, pointed back and front, lined with rose, cream or blue brocade, and supplemented with a great quantity of black lace and jet.

A little cape of this sort of green moiré velvet, shot with ray like, looks charming for early spring wear.

Less expensive models are of light leather-colored cloth, with a top plaited frill of brown velvet. Others are of pale mastic, with turn-down collars and upper capes of dark petunia or maroon velvet.

Coats are seldom seen. The gowns this season with their rigid sleeves and shoulder flounces, preclude the possibility of a close-fitting wrap.—N. Y. World.

PROGRESS IN BACTERIOLOGY.

The Cause of Disease Traced to Microscopic Organisms.

The science of bacteriology has shown a marvellous development within the last few years. Nine-tenths of all diseases of man and animals are now known to be due to species of bacteria, which enter the system by the mouth, multiply in the blood and yield poisonous secretions. These products kill if no powerful reaction in the stomach destroys the bacteria. In some diseases this reaction occurs for the patient's immunity against a second attack.

A natural immunity is shown in the fact that rats and dogs never have tuberculosis or syphilis, and most of the lower animals resist typhoid fever and Asiatic cholera. It was discovered in 1881 that the blood of an animal that had acquired immunity will destroy the bacteria and cure or prevent disease in another animal. Both natural and acquired immunity have since been traced to albuminous matter in the blood, which destroys the bacteria, but unlike the albuminous poison the rattlesnake, does not affect the higher animals. Even the active substance itself has been obtained at last as a dry powder, which was extracted from the blood of a rabbit after recovery from syphilis, and has all the curative properties of the blood against syphilis. Prof. Loew of Munich, holds that this is the most important discovery in bacteriology relating to medicine. It has been further shown by recent bacteriological investigations that the prevalence and fatality of pneumonia and other allied diseases during influenza epidemics are due to something quite apart from ordinary influenza virus. Other things being equal, the longer the disease spreads, the more deadly it becomes, and when vented on in houses and railway cars, it is a deadly enemy. And the air is only a few feet away from the virus, and the virus is in the air.

It is probable that Mr. Thompson was called to-day? He is very much taken up.

"Misses—Why?"

"I thought it makes it a practice to kiss every girl he meets."

"The Misses—Is that the reason you were grinning when you brought up his end—Truth?"

"Remember—I made a speech to night at the banquet which will make me immortal." Mrs. B.—"And it was only last month that you got your life insured?"—Boston Transcript.

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150 PAIRS
Women's
FINE DONGOLA Button Shoes

Turn soles—Patent Tips—2 to 7—E width—Cheap at \$2.50 go on sale at once at

\$2.00 A PAIR.

J. H. ANDERSON & CO.
Corner Main and 10th, Sts. Opp. Forbes & Bro.

Spring Shoes.
Low Shoes.
High Shoes.
Russett Shoes.

All kinds of Shoes and Oxfords can be found in the large line of new things we are showing in our stock of

FOOT-WEAR
THOMAS RODMAN,
3 MAIN STREET.
The Affairs of Life
Hinge Upon Confidence.

This is peculiarly true when it comes to making your purchases in

DRY GOODS AND MILLINERY.

Hence we suggest that you make the affair a mere matter of confidence and come to us, where it shall not be misplaced.

We have just received another full line of

Capes and Bolero Jackets,

In all the new shades, prices lower than ever.

Richards, Klein & Co. UNIFORMLY LOW PRICES.

NEW JEWELRY AND DIAMOND PALACE.
Jas. M. Howe,
(Formerly of Hopkinsville.)
321 Union Street. NASHVILLE, TENN.

HAS THE MOST ELEGANT LINE OF

FINE WATCHES, JEWELRY, DIAMONDS,

Sterling Silver, Clocks, Bric-a-brac, Bronzes,

And all goods to be found in the South.

If you want anything in the Jewelry line call and see his stock, or write him what you want—Mail orders will receive special attention.

If your Watch needs repairing send it to him and it will receive prompt and careful attention.

WHEN A MAN can save money by buying his Harness, Saddles, Lap Dusters, etc., from us, he is a very **POOR FINANCIER** if he don't see us before he buys. We can fit you up in Harness, Bridles, Collars, Pads, Hames, Chains, Saddles and Blankets at

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